



Candlelight and cobwebbed door
I'm the scream that cries, "No more."
I'm velvet curtains blowing in the night
I'm the tale that fills you with fright.
A moonlit sky and a gown of lace,
I'm the decay where there once was a face.
A crack of lightning and an unfinished wine,
I'm the forgotten soul left far behind.
Cemetery dirt and a freshly dug grave,
I'm the love that couldn't be saved.
Tears for death, tears for life,
I'm the existence sadly riddled with strife.
From the day we are born we start slowly to die,

But the greatest mystery is...The question that will never be
answered is...

WHY?

